



A Different Nightmare by Emmalicious

Category: Stranger Things, 2016

Genre: Hurt-Comfort, Romance

Language: English

Characters: Eleven/Jane H., Mike W.

Status: Completed

Published: 2017-07-26 19:58:05

Updated: 2017-07-26 19:58:05

Packaged: 2019-12-17 15:33:06

Rating: K+

Chapters: 1

Words: 4,387

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: When Eleven woke up the day Will Byers came back to life, and the Demogorgon was gone, she woke up screaming. A month after that, she wakes up to her pillow covered in her tears, wanting Mike, and one word that keeps replaying through her head: "IT".
Happy Ending AU. One shot.

A Different Nightmare

Why do people call each other names? It isn't like if one person calls you a mean name, that means you're branded as a "Weirdo" forever. Eleven should know, besides, Lucas called her one, even after she told them Will was alive. But after the hellish night in the school, he would most likely die before uttering the word to her again.

Eleven collapsed and didn't wake up for hours after she destroyed the Demogorgon. But when she did, nobody would have thought a loud scream would belong to her. The girl kicked and shouted at everyone and everything; it was even worse when they tried to restrain her, or hold her. In a normal moment, she would have remembered to try and calm herself, and not move or break anything at all cost; but in that moment, she didn't care.

The glass of the window shattered when someone tried to hold her down again, a chair broke after she unknowingly kept banging it against the wall, and the IV she used bended and snapped in two.

The first person she knew that ran into her room was Joyce, who she instantly clung to and refused to let go of. Then came Johnathan, Mike, Dustin, Lucas, Nancy, and two other adults she only recognized from pictures in Mike's house. The moment she saw the boys, she forced herself out of Joyce's arms, and crawled off the bed, and stumbled her way to them. From the shock, she tripped and fell, but Mike was the first one to step forward and catch her.

That was a month ago, and in that time, she met and became quick friends with Will Byers, went shopping with Nancy for clothes and a dress for the Snow Ball, was asked to the Snow Ball by Mike again (Just making sure she said yes), learned how to play Dungeons and Dragons, got her own bed after Mike's parents (hesitantly) told her she could stay with them, and went to school as herself. Not Eleanor, but as Eleven in the same pink dress without the blonde wig; she was attached to Nancy's dress for almost all of December, until she couldn't feel her legs during most of recess.

Eleven knew a lot of numbers, she could remember a few of her ABCs, and she knew how to read and write only a few words; because

of this, she was put into a "Special Class". Thankfully, the principle and seventh grade teachers thought it would be embarrassing for her to be the only twelve-year-old in second grade, then third, then fourth, etc. so, they hired a personal teacher for her.

She, and everyone else, were plagued by nightmares after the events of what happened the month before. Most of hers were about the monster eating her friends right in front of her eyes, then coming for her when she was frozen in shock. Others were her dying while she was fighting the Demogorgon, then waking up in the Upside Down; those ones were the worst for her.

"Alright Eleven, do you want to start again?" Eleven's teacher, Ms. Taffy, asks the girl.

"Okay," She says quietly, and looks down at her book. "Ta-ta BaBar familyuh is going to Parris. Everyone is packing bags. Heere aur the children-." She sighs, these were the hardest. "Pom, Floora, and Aleexander. Heere aur Coosin Artur and his freind Zepir, the monkey."

"That's very good, Eleven!" Ms. Taffy smiles at her, and Eleven gives a small smile back. The teacher closes the book, despite Eleven only reading one page, and sweeps it aside. "Alright, now would you like to learn some Christmas Carols?" She asks with a brighter smile.

"Carols?" Eleven whispers.

"Yes, Christmas carols are special songs only for Christmas. You do remember what songs are, don't you?"

She pauses and thinks. "Lavender's Blue?" She heard Mike and Nancy's mother sing it to the baby Holly, and thought it was pretty, and asked Ms. Taffy the next day what it was; it became a habit for them to sing it every morning before lessons.

"Yes Lavender's Blue is a very pretty song, but these songs are very Christmassy." Ms. Taffy says, and Eleven tilts her head in confusion.

The teacher stands up. "Okay, I'll show you." She walks around the

table and to her small desk. "Let's see, I could've sworn I brought sheet music." She says, opening many pockets and searching through her backpack. Eleven looks around, and sees them on top of the bookshelf next to the desk. She squints her eyes at the papers, and they fly off the shelf! Everyone thought it would be for the best if only they knew of Eleven's "abilities"; yes, the mouth breathers Troy and James tried to tell every kid that she could make people fly, and she broke Troy's arm, but after the famous "Piss incident" in the gym, no one even bat an eye.

"Aha, there they are!" Ms. Taffy cheers, and picks them up before turning back to Eleven. "Alright, sweetie, let's start with the most popular: 'We Wish You a Merry Christmas!'" She lays the sheet music on the table in front of her. "I know I don't have a piano, but it'll be easy."

She points to the notes. "Okay, these are called notes, and the higher they are on these lines, the higher your voice has to be. Then, these-." She points to the lyrics. "Are words that we have to sing to the notes, like this: 'We wish you a merry Christmas, we wish you a merry Christmas, we wish you a merry Christmas, and a happy new year!' Can you do that?"

Eleven stared at the papers in front of her, and like reading a baby book for the first time, it was like she was on a different planet. Ms. Taffy says it's like reading, but it looks harder than reading a book.

She swallows. "We wishu you a Meery Christmas, we wish you a merry Chrissttmass, we wish you a merry Christmas, and a happy neew yuhear." She shut her eyes tightly, waiting for Ms. Taffy to laugh at her. Instead, she hears clapping.

"Well done, El! Well done!"

Eleven opens her eyes and looks at her teacher. "Not, bad?"

"Yes sweetie, definitely not bad at all! I just can't wait until next year, when we can sing it together!"

The tiny girl smiles. "Now?" She asks, holding the music out to her teacher.

She smiled at her. "Of course, El." She takes the paper out of the girl's hands, and places it back onto the desk, and they look at it. "Alright, are you ready?" Still smiling, Eleven nods.

Ms. Taffy nods back, and the two get ready. "Okay, 1, 2, 3: 'We wish you a merry Christmas, we wish you a merry Christ-.'"

A knock on the door causes the two to stop singing. Ms. Taffy stands up again, but looks down at Eleven first. "Keep going Eleven, I'll be back in a minute." Eleven nods, and looks back down at the paper, singing off of memory.

Ms. Taffy opens the door to an older woman who worked in the front office of the school. "Is there anything you need, Mrs. Squibbles?" The younger teacher asks.

"No Ms. Taffy, I just wanted to tell you that we received a call from your Aunt Beatrice, and she wanted you to know that she broke her leg by slipping on the ice."

The teacher's mouth falls open. "Oh shi-!" she feels pressure on her foot, and sees the office lady's foot stepping on hers to stop her from swearing. "Oh no!" She says instead, and rushes into the room, Eleven staring concerningly at her.

"Eleven, sweetie," Ms. Taffy bent to Eleven's height and put her hands on her shoulders. "I need to leave, it's about-," She looks at the clock. "it's 2:50, and when the big arrow is on the twelve, and the little one is on the three, then you can see your friends. But for now, just stay here, okay?"

To a regular person, they would've had it down in an instant, but to Eleven, she could barely make out a word from her teacher; so, she just nods.

Ms. Taffy grins, and hugs the girl before leaping back up and putting her coat and gloves on. "You've been so great El, I think I'll bring some cookies when we get back from winter break, would you like that?" Eleven's face lights up at the word; cookies are her favorite, well just after Eggos.

"Merry Christmas, Eleven!" She finally says before walking to the door to leave.

Nobody ever said that to her, yes, she's heard people say it to each other, especially on TV, but what was she supposed to say back? "Bye." She speaks just a bit louder. Ms. Taffy gives her one last smile, then leaves.

Time moves slowly as she waits in the classroom. She grabs a few of the books off the shelf, but mostly to look at the pretty pictures and colors. After a few moments, she looks at the clock; the big arrow is just in the middle of the 10 and the 11. It wouldn't be bad if she just walked to Mike and her friends' classroom to wait for them, right?

So that's what she's doing, leaping off the desk, she opens the door and looks through the halls; no one in sight. She walks out into the empty hallway, and begins to walk around and look through the windows to see which one is the room she's looking for.

Just a few kids were in the halls; most were nice to her, or just didn't pay that much attention to her. But then, there are the bad ones

"Hey Troy, it's the freak of Hawkins!" An all too familiar voice comes from behind her.

She stops, and slowly turns around, nothing but bravery in her eyes. "What?" She asks bitterly.

Troy and James grin at her, then chuckle. "Aww, did we hurt the freak's feelings? Why don't you use your powers on us? Oh wait, you'll get into trouble if you-!"

"Shut up, James!" Troy snaps.

"Sorry, Troy." James retreats, and Troy's grin grows bigger as he steps closer to Eleven.

"Hey, you know what James?" He looks over his shoulder. "I think we shouldn't call her a freak."

"Man, what are you-?"

"I'm saying, that I was wrong about calling her a freak." He smiles at Eleven, and her eyes lighten up at sheer hope.

"She's an IT."

And there it went.

"What, you got something to say, IT? Because, I would love to hear what IT says, what about you, James?" Troy looks over to his friend, and he nods enthusiastically.

She's trapped. She can't break his arm again, she can't hit them with anything, she can't even call out for help; everyone would know. Ever since the aftermath of the Demogorgon, she feels tears dripping.

"Holy crap, IT's crying! IT actually cries!" James laughs, and Troy joins in.

"Stop, stop." She begs, wiping her nose.

The two stop laughing. "Aw, IT, we didn't mean anything. Wait, do you even know what an it is? Or are you just too stupid to even know what it is?"

"No," She tries her best to say it sharply, but it comes out choked.

Troy smiles. "An it is what's on the bottom of your shoe, an it is something that could go *poof* in thin air, and nobody would care. So, I'd say, nobody should look at IT; or you, since IT is so stupid."

"Yeah, nobody should look at y-IT, not even Frogface and his gang. They're probably still with IT since IT has powers!" James says.

Eleven gathers what little courage she has left, and opens her mouth. "Away. Go away."

Their faces fall, and Troy steps closer, gripping her shoulders and pushing her against the lockers. "Do you want to say that louder, IT?" She just stares at him, not in fear, but not in bravery. "Answer me, IT!" He shouts right in her face, some spit hitting her; but, she doesn't budge.

Before he could do anything worse, the sweet sound of the final bell rings through the school, and cheers are heard from every classroom. As kids start piling out of the rooms, Troy lets go of Eleven, and steps back. "See you next year, IT." "Bye, freak!" The two boys swagger through the crowd, leaving poor Eleven all by herself.

She leans against the lockers, and lets out a shaking breath. She needs to find her friends, she needs to talk to them. But then what? If she told them about those *mouth breathers* then they would get hurt, all because of her. It's not technically lying if they don't ask, right? Right. Picking herself back up, she pushes her way through the crowd to look for her friends.

The first place they would always go after they meet back up, was outside; so that's where Eleven goes. It's freezing, and the wet snow's sinking into her boots, but she has to look for them.

She doesn't know how long she's been outside, probably because she's too busy focusing on the cold winter air and looking for her friends, but it has been at least a few minutes when someone calls her from behind.

"El, what are you doing out here?" She turns and sees Will bundled up and staring at her.

She pauses, and thinks quickly. "Looking for you."

"Well, you forgot your coat, and hat, and backpack, and pretty much everything. Come on, we thought you ran away."

She smiles, and quickly follows him. When they're hallway back to the school building, Will grabs Eleven's shoulder and steadies himself.

"What's wrong?" She asks softly.

"Huh?" He looks at her for a second, then back at the ground and gags. She flinches every time he does, unfamiliar with the sound. After he's done, he looks back up, taking his hand away. "I'm sorry, what did you say?"

"What's wrong?" She asks again.

"Huh, oh that? It's nothing- it's nothing." He stammers.

"Will, friends don't lie; Mike says so." She looks at him, and tries to smile.

He smiles back. "Yeah, I guess. Okay, I've just been sick for a while, I didn't want any of you guys to know, because you would think I was a baby."

"You're not a baby, you're too big."

He laughs. "Well, thanks El."

She's all alone again. Her feet's wet, and there's nothing but darkness for miles; no, not here, not again! She pulls on her nightgown; it's her old hospital gown. Her breath quickens, and she looks all around her for something, anything!

An ear-piercing shriek is what she finds.

She whips her head around and sees the monster that is the reason for these nightmares. Should she run, or should she let it come to her and try to fight it, all by herself. She doesn't get time to choose, as the Demogorgon screeches, and charges right towards her!

Eleven screams, and turns to run-! She feels sharp nails piercing her legs, and she's on the floor, being dragged. She forces herself to face the monster, and look right at it. "Get out!" She yells, and it flies off of her, and falls limp.

The girl instantly stands up, and slowly comes closer to the dead monster. When she's finally there, she kneels and stares at it, mostly its face, if you can even call it a face. Curiosity always kills the cat.

Eleven cautiously moves her hand out to it, and it shifts! In shock, she yanks her hand back, but before she can lift one foot, two arms from the Demogorgon wrap around her neck! She gasps for air, and tries to pull the arms off by her own, but it's no use.

...

Her eyes shoot open, and she` welcomed to water as she screams louder than she thought she could in her entire life. Two arms grab from under her shoulders and forcefully pull her back up.

"What did I say, Eleven?"

She looks up at the face she wished and thought she would never see again. "Papa?" She coughed up the remaining water in her lungs.

"What did I say?!" He grabbed her urgently, forcing her to look at him. She just stares at him, biting her tongue not to cry; he would be angry.

"Eleven, I`m not going to ask you again." His grip tightens, red marks beginning to appear on her upper arms.

Her mouth quivers in fear, and says nothing for a few seconds. "I-I don`t know."

'Papa' sharply stands up, pulling Eleven with him, and she winces in pain. "Eleven," his voice turns calm suddenly. "you`ve been a bad girl."

She immediately cries and knows what comes next. "Please, please, I don`t want to."

He drags her down the stairs that leads up to the bath, and her scream could shatter glass. "I don`t care if you want to or not!" His grip tightens every step they get closer to "The Peace Closet".

When she`s just outside, her throat is dried from screaming at the top of her lungs, and she sobs. "Please Papa, I`m sorry Papa, I`ll be good Papa, I`ll be good!" She cries as he unlocks the closet.

He opens the door, and shoves her in, before closing it, he looks right in her eyes. "This is your punishment, Eleven, I wish you`ll do better next time." He slams the door, leaving her in darkness. She brings her legs to her chest and hugs them tightly, crying into her knees.

"El,"

She opens her eyes, and a smile forms. "Lucas," She gets up, and take one step to him-.

"Get away from me, weirdo!"

Eleven stops in her tracks, and the smile falls. "Wha-what?"

"Go away, weirdo!" He disappears into thin air!

"Hey mental!" She turns to see Dustin behind her. She reaches out to him, but like Lucas, he's gone!

"Look at the freak!" Will shouts in her ear right beside her.

Before she can even look at him, everyone she's ever talked to circles around her and close in on her. "She's so stupid!" "What a weirdo!" "Get out, freak!" "Look at the loser, she's crying!" "Can she do anything right?!" "Freak!" "Weirdo!" "Mental!"

"Stop it, stop it!" She screams, covering her ears. Just like that, they're gone. She turns around frantically, until her eyes land on the only person who didn't say anything about her.

"Mike," She sobs.

"Leave me alone, IT."

Finally, poor Eleven wakes up to a damp pillow, and wet cheeks. She sits herself up on her bed, and looks around the room; still in the basement. The Demogorgon, Papa, and the closet's all gone, she'll never see them again. Still, she can't help but still cry at the absolute rollercoaster she's been through.

After a few good minutes of crying, she looks at the table on her right, the walkie talkie that Mike gave to her "for emergencies". Was this an emergency? He said that emergencies are for when something bad happens, but he's never used it when he had nightmares, so why should she?

Eleven picks up the device, and remembers to hold down the button. "Mike?" She whispers shaking from tears.

No response.

She slightly panics, and remembers what Lucas and Mike would always say to each other after talking. "Mike, over?"

Still nothing.

"Mike please, over." She says louder, and waits, and waits.

"El, are you okay?" Mike says on the other line.

She smiles for a second, and presses the button again. "Come down, over."

Eleven hears a 'swishing' noise before he speaks again. "Okay, what`s wrong? Over."

"Please."

"Okay, okay, I`m heading down right now. Over and out." She doesn't hear his voice anymore, and waits for him.

In that short time, she somewhat becomes relaxed, and she doesn't feel the tears anymore when she hears the door from the top of the stairs opens then closes, and footsteps softly but quickly coming down. When she sees Mike, she smiles crookedly, and slightly trembles as he comes to her.

"El, what`s wrong?" He asks, before hesitantly embracing her.

"Bad dream." She says, cuddling into him.

"Oh, what was it about?" He feels her head shake on his shoulder. "You don`t want to talk about it?"

"Mike, am I a IT?"

Mike pulls away, and looks right at her. "What? Why would you ask that?" She looks at him like a scared child, and says nothing.

"El, what`s wrong? Remember, friends don`t lie?"

"You never asked." She whispers and leans into him again.

He sighs, and holds her tighter. "I`m sorry I didn't ask. El, why would

you think you`re an it?"

"They called me IT." He hears her voice starting to choke up again.

He pulls back and puts his hand on her cheek, she slightly smiles.
"Who called you IT?"

"Mouth breathers."

His eyes slowly darken. What was going on inside their heads to even *think* about making fun of her?! They were lucky people were in the halls, or he guarantees Eleven would've-.

"I`m sorry." She whispers, tears starting to well up.

Mike snaps out of it. "Oh, oh no, El! I didn't mean you, I`m just mad that they called you that."

"Why?"

He furrows his eyes in confusion. "What?"

"Why are you mad?"

He shakes his head. "El, when-." He shuts his eyes in nervousness, then opens them again. "When someone hurts someone you.. like, then you get angry. Weren`t you angry at them when you broke Troy`s arm?"

She nods, if Mike and Dustin weren`t in front of her when she saved them that day... nobody even wants to think what would`ve happened.

"Well, I`m mad at them because they were mean to you." He puts his hand on her shoulder.

She pauses before looking at him again. "Dream. I want to tell you."

He looks at her. "You don`t have to-."

"I want to." She takes his hand, and she leads him to the table with the Dungeons and Dragons gear. Instead of telling, she used the game

characters and board as what happened; picking up the thief and saying "Papa" or taking the wizard saying "Me". When she's finished, she looks back up at Mike. "Different dream."

Right after she finishes, he hugs her tightly. She hugs him back. "It's okay, it's okay."

He's still holding her. "Huh?"

"I thought you were crying."

She hears him laugh. "No El, I'm not. Thanks for telling me." He pulls back, and they smile to each other. "Come on," He takes her hand and tucks her back into the bed. "We can go sledding tomorrow, and throw snowballs at Lucas, Dustin, and Will. Would that be fun?"

She smiles and nods. He smiles back, and gets up and turns to leave, but he feels a hand grip his thigh. "Stay."

He looks down at her, some fear returning back into her eyes. "Um okay, but just for a little bit."

"Here," she sits up, and moves making a small space for him.

His eyes widen. "El no, I can't."

"Why not?"

"Because two people can't sleep next to each other until they're married. Okay, my mom told me that, but it's just weird." She doesn't nod, or shake her head, she just doesn't understand.

He sighs. "Okay, let me just-." He looks around, then picks up a chair from the table. "I'll do this." He carries the chair over to next to her, and sits down. "I'll just sit here, and I'll make sure nothing gets to you, okay?"

She looks at him for a few more seconds, and nods. She lies back down, and takes his hand. "This okay?" She whispers, almost afraid of his response.

"Yeah, yeah, this is fine." He squeezes her hand, and rubs his thumb

over her knuckles. She gives him the brightest smile she had all day, and he does too.

The more he looks at her, the slower his smile drops. "Eleven," he says.

"Yes, Mike?" She whispers, almost falling asleep.

"Can-can I maybe-?" She cuts him off by sitting herself up, taking her fingers and touching her lips, then touching his.

"That?" She asks.

He's still frozen at what just happened, but he nods. "Yeah- yeah that." He is even more surprised at the fact that she nods.

Slowly leaning in, he presses his mouth onto her lips in a flash. He quickly pulls back, scared of what her reaction would be. She looks at him, and a slight smile plays onto her lips. "Night, Mike."

He soon smiles at her. "Goodnight, Eleven."

And there were no nightmares for the rest of the night.

Okay, I have absolutely no idea how that went! On one hand, I think I did pretty good, but on the other hand, I think the characters were actually OOC. Anyway, I am so sorry that I haven't been updating any other stories, and that it'll be my first year at high school in about a month (Internally screams), but I will never ever abandon my stories! So yeah, this is my first actual TV show fanfiction, and one with non OCs! Yay for me (I guess?)!